

Don't pick daisys just because they're pretty—they're designed in "LYCRA" to make the most of your figure. No wonder Canadians love daisys.



Bra #2970—\$6.00. Pantie girdle #6926—\$10.00. Both available in white, pink, yellow, blue, skintone, marine and black.

*Reg. T.M.

Daisyfresh*

Dominion Corset Co. Ltd., Quebec—Montreal—Toronto—Vancouver.

POLAR
PAM
574

POLARPAM



The Quig family spent a day roaming on Moose Factory Island, picking flowers with Cree children (see cover). With Mrs. Françoise Quig are (L to R):

Journey Into Understanding



Sarah Quig (R) didn't know Cree but she and Doris became good friends on train.

When the children of Weekend's James Quig began asking where the bad Indians live, he decided something had to be done. A trip through the muskeg to Moosonee in northeastern Ontario ended in a happy gathering of laughing Crees and Quigs

Photos, including cover, by James Quig
Weekend Magazine



Jennifer Quig, Lily Moore, David Quig, Susan Quig and Sarah Shanush.

WE HAD JUST FINISHED a particularly good roast beef dinner and there was a very distinct air of satisfaction in the house. There was a good bed of coals in the fireplace, my wife, Françoise, was humming her way through the dishes, the kids were doing their homework and I was reading the paper. Everything as it should be. And then Susan, our eldest daughter, nine, looked up from her books and asked:

"Where do the bad Indians live?"

"What's that?"

"You know," she said, "the bad ones."

"The Indians that do the bad things," said Jennifer, seven.

"Les sauvages," said Sarah, six.

"What's a bad Indian?" asked David, five, who hadn't started school yet.

My wife came out of the kitchen:

"I think we'd better do something about this."

So we did.

They call her the Polar Bear Express and she's a lot of good things to the people of Ontario's northeast: breadman, milkman, neighborhood bus, ambulance, newsboy, delivery service and star of a drama known as "watching the train go by". She snorts out of Cochrane six times a week for the 186-mile run through the muskeg to Moosonee and the tidewaters of the Arctic. We are on her now headed for the land of the Cree. But the conductor seems concerned.

"Wouldn't you prefer to sit some where else?" he asks.

"This is just fine, thanks."

"The front car is lot newer."

"This will do nicely, thanks."

And then with a look of friendly concern, he said: "It may get a little noisy in here after a while but suit yourself." He punched our tickets and moved on.

"Guess what," said Susie, back from the first of a thousand trips to the water cooler. "This car is filled with Indians."

"Good ones or bad?" I asked.

She didn't answer but I could tell by the way she looked at me that the lesson had begun.

We chugged out of Cochrane and as the kids kept a wary watch on our fellow travellers I read a pile of Ontario government folders and discovered, among other things, that:

- The ancestors of the people in our car, the Cree Indians who inhabit the James and Hudson Bay country, are thought to have come through Alaska from Asia between 8,000 and 40,000 years ago. All signs of the presence of man that have been found in America date from that time.

- The first locomotive chuffed to a halt in the wilderness where the Moose River empties into James Bay in the summer of 1932. Moosonee grew up around the railway terminus. But the white man arrived long before that. Moose Factory, an island two miles from Moosonee, was the second oldest post opened by the Hudson's Bay Company. It was built in 1673.

- Today many of the Crees carry on their nomadic life much as they did in the past, fishing, hunting, trapping and trading their furs.

We were about five miles out of Cochrane when little Doris walked by the first time.

"She's Indian," David informed us.

"Why don't you ask her to sit down for a chat?" my wife said to Susan.

"I'm shy."

Doris made a couple more passes and I was afraid she was going to give up on my kids when finally Susan got up enough nerve to pop the big question: "How old are you?"

Doris said eight, Susan said nine and the rest of the ride was a giggle—which was pretty good considering Doris only knew a few words of English and my gang knew less Cree. But not to worry: Susan came back to our seat a little while later and announced in Cree that it was going to be a nice day.

But noisy—the conductor was right about that.

For some reason it has not been possible to buy beer, wine or liquor in

Moosonee until now — unless, of course, you belonged to the mess at the RCAF radar base. But a new Ontario liquor store that has since opened was still being built when we made our trip earlier in the year so perhaps we saw the last of a bad situation that forced people to travel 186 miles (372 round trip) for a bottle of booze.

So when you get to Cochrane you buy as much as you can so it will last longer. Buy the cheapest wine on the board, quality isn't the problem, supply is what's lacking.

But it doesn't last longer. We watched bottle after bottle go down the hatch until half the men in our car were falling-down drunk. By the time they got home there was little left and then they would start planning another trip south for more booze.

We wondered if it would be any different in Montreal if we had to travel to Ottawa for a drink.

Officially the Polar Bear makes only eight stops. Actually, it will stop anywhere, any time, for any one who flags it down. We stopped for fishermen, prospectors, surveyors, geologists and once for a young man and his wife who got off in the middle of dense bush to walk down the rails to the little one-room schoolhouse where they taught the Cree children. We stopped at little settlements and wondered what life must be like in those shacks when it was 30 below in January. We looked into the eyes of a hundred and more Cree kids and wondered what hope they had of ever developing beyond the narrow bounds of their little settlements. We looked into the eyes of a hundred old men and women as they stood stoically along the rails and watched the white man's train go by. We looked into their eyes and we wondered what they felt about us who could travel to their land to teach our kids a little lesson in living.

At Coral Rapids on the Abitibi River, about halfway between Cochrane and Moosonee, we entered the Hudson Bay lowlands, the largest bog in the world.

Our Ontario government folders showed how the Great Muskeg borders the southern part of James Bay and extends northward some 800 miles to the southwestern coast of Hudson Bay. Most of the land has a covering of wet peat moss resulting from poor drainage and cold, wet weather.

Originally this area was high and

Continued



Waken the Beauty that Slumbers in your Skin

Every skin has a beauty potential, a latent ability to blossom that sometimes slumbers on, dormant and undiscovered. Modern scientific research, however, makes it possible today to help awaken the cogent potentiality and encourage nature to bring to the surface the budding peak-of-perfection splendor only poets can fully describe.

Possibly one of the most extraordinary advances in the search for a way to promote complexion loveliness has been the discovery of the tropical moist oil, a skin-cherishing fluid with a tremendous capacity for helping assuage wrinkle-dryness and other signs of dermic deterioration.

The living beauty of your complexion is always most in evidence when it enjoys a spontaneous sub-surface supply of just the right nutrients in exactly the correct proportions. Nature provides these balanced necessities generously at first, but very often the supply gradually begins to dwindle by the early twenties of a woman's life. By stroking this unique moist oil over your entire complexion, covering it with a delicate, dew-like film, you can give nature a helping hand in establishing the most exquisite attributes possible. In Canada it is especially valuable in establishing a balance when the complexion tends to be affected by the climate.

The tropical beauty fluid sponsors nature's every urge to help the complexion. By virtue of its rich isotonic values, the moist oil has an ideal osmotic pressure to take

conserving fluids directly down to where they are most needed. The homologous blend of beautifying essentials works with efficacy to help restore balanced functioning. It aids in setting up a sustaining, protective barrier against the many different elements that constantly serve to despoil the complexion, and in the process brings the complexion superb smoothness and an exceptionally flawless bloom.

Because skin can wilt as easily as a thirsty, unwatered plant, the hygroscopic characteristics of this moist oil are of particular importance. It encourages the provision of absorbable sub-strata moisture, the kind that suspends and plumps out the epidermis, and also attracts and draws external atmospheric moisture close to the complexion to help counteract surface dehydration and ensuing shrinkage and wrinkle-dryness of the tissues. As water is to a flower, so this beautifying fluid is to your skin, reviving and assisting in keeping it exuberantly fresh and constantly flourishing.

This moist tropical oil is obtainable in Europe and other parts of the world. In Canada it is available from your druggist as oil of Olay. Women living in every climate of the globe and in widely different circumstances are using it lavishly each day and smoothing it on as a superb base for make-up in order to promote the rousing of the latent beauty that lies hidden beneath the skin, waiting to be awakened and revealed in all its incredible splendor.

Journey Into Understanding

Continued.

dry. Pre-Cambrian rocks, the world's oldest, formed its land surface but this sank below sea level and the sea came in from the north. In the shallow seas, which must have been quite warm in those days, reef-forming corals and molluscs flourished. Through ages of time, the corals, molluscs and other shell creatures slowly built up limey deposits from the bottom. Drills exploring for oil around James Bay have gone down over 1,500 feet before coming to the old Pre-Cambrian surface that sank below the sea ages ago.

Later, after mile-high mountains of glacial ice bulldozed across this land, it was again covered by a shallow sea. This sea, the Tyrell Sea, deposited a layer of gooeey clay on its bottom. As time passed the lowlands, released from the weight of glacial ice, began to rise and now a succession of ancient sand and gravel coastal beaches can be observed from the air to a distance of 150 miles from the present coast. Today the land continues to rise and new beaches are being formed as the sea retreats.

Train time is a big time of the day at Moosonee. Summer or winter the station platform is packed with residents, some waiting for friends or freight, most of them just out to watch the Polar Bear roll into town. Today is no exception. We all said

goodbye to Doris and looked around for a cab to take us to the Moosonee Lodge which is owned by the Ontario government's Ontario Northland Railway.

But there are no taxis at the station in Moosonee so we all grabbed an armful of baggage and walked down the dirt road towards the lodge.

Moosonee isn't a very pretty place; this is no Hollywood version of a neat frontier town. But if the town itself is sparse and ugly, its role as a supply post for the North is far more glamorous. We walked down the main street to the roar of seaplanes taking off with mail and food for the seal-hunting grounds of Povungnituk, or the missionary and trading outposts scattered along the shores of James and Hudson Bay.

We checked into the Moosonee Lodge and from our windows overlooking the Moose River we watched the big 22-foot James Bay freighter canoes carrying people and freight between Moosonee and Moose Factory Island.

We went for a walk before supper and heard a white man curse the day he came here. "I don't care if I never see an Indian again," he said.

We asked him why and he answered the Indian had no use for the white man. And we asked him for a reason for this but he could not think

Continued



Children race along dock before their canoe trip to Moose Factory Island.

Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

Those are the colours of the new
Pepsi-Cola carton.

Original, no; striking, yes.

Handsome even.

But the taste of Pepsi

remains the same.

Original, yes; sparkling, yes.

Refreshing even.



You've got a lot to live. Pepsi's got a lot to give.

"Pepsi-Cola" and "Pepsi" are registered trade marks of PepsiCo, Inc.



Who do you want to remember you for a lifetime?

Whoever it is, you'll never be forgotten when you give a Bentley. That's because Bentley is precision-made to give a lifetime of trouble-free service.

There are just three parts in a Bentley lighter; the removable head, the replaceable refill and the jewelry-styled case.

To refill the Bentley you just remove the old cartridge and slip in a new one. The entire operation takes just a few seconds. And because the valve is built into the refill, refueling is almost like getting a whole new lighter.

This Christmas give Bentley, the lighter of a lifetime. We've a wide range of styles to choose from.

BENTLEY BUTANE LIGHTERS

VB1048

Advertisement

Now false teeth can be tight and comfortable

Cushion Grip is an amazing, pliable, tasteless thermoplastic that relines false teeth so that they fit your gums perfectly. Yet **Cushion Grip** never hardens, so it acts as a constant cushion of comfort. **Cushion Grip** comes in a handy tube and is applied directly with none of the messy mixing and preparations needed for pastes and powders. **Cushion Grip** lasts for weeks even with regular cleaning or brushing. Won't ever ooze or dissolve. Try **Cushion Grip** today — available at drug and beauty-aid counters everywhere. Money back guarantee. For a trial supply, send 25¢ to: Dept. 17, Pharmaco (Canada) Ltd., Pointe Claire, Quebec.

*Reg. T.M.

New Healing Substance Shrinks Hemorrhoids, Checks Itch

Exclusive healing substance in Preparation H proven to shrink hemorrhoids... and repair damaged tissue.

A renowned research institute has found a unique healing substance with the ability to shrink hemorrhoids painlessly. It relieves itching and discomfort in minutes, and speeds up healing of the injured inflamed tissues.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place. Relief even occurred in cases of long standing, and most important of all, results were so thorough that this improvement was maintained over a period of

many months.

This was accomplished with a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates growth of new tissue. Now Bio-Dyne is offered in ointment and suppository form called Preparation H.

Just ask your druggist for Preparation H Suppositories or Preparation H Ointment (with a special applicator).

Satisfaction or your money refunded.



Family heads for Moose Factory Island in one of the big motorized canoes which provide a taxi service for freight and people to and from the island.

Journey Into Understanding

Continued

of any. "Just stay out of the Indian part of town after dark," he warned.

Later that night we sat up late listening to Robert Kanatawat, the elected chief of the Fort George band of Crees. He told us of his tiny settlement way up north on the Quebec shore of James Bay.

"Funny thing," he said. "Indians on the Quebec side speak English and those on the Ontario side speak French."

He told us of his attempts to organize hunting facilities at home and of his belief that the Indian must get more involved with life as it exists today.

"The old days are gone," he said. "Our young people know it but sometime it is hard for the older ones to understand."

He told us how hundreds of goose hunters now paid his band thousands of dollars for their room and board in their hunting camps and he said that was very good. But he also told us that many of his people still lived in shacks with earth floors and holes in the wall and in the winter many could crowd into these shacks to keep warm but often they would get sick. He told us that sometimes in the

middle of the winter they would run out of meat and then he would lead hunting parties in search of food. And he told us that sometimes they would run out of gasoline and that was worse than running out of meat because then they could not run their Ski-doo's.

The next morning we rose early to watch one of nature's great gifts — the sunrise on the Moose River — and then we piled into one of the motorized freighter canoes for the trip to Moose Factory Island which lies hidden behind the islands in midstream. The depth of the river varies as much as four feet here and sand banks are constantly shifting, making navigation very tricky. Very few white men feel competent enough to pilot boats around here — the Crees are the experts.

Our canoe docked near the federal government's big Indian-Eskimo hospital where many of the Eskimo patients that arrive by aircraft from settlements as far as 1,500 miles to the north spend their time carving soapstone.

We walked down the muddy road to St. Thomas' Anglican Church and went inside to see its beautiful head-

Continued



GO TO BLAZES!

We are pioneering a "go to blazes" traffic control system in five Canadian cities.

It's more formally known as a fire pre-emption system, and its purpose is to get firemen to a fire in no time flat. Uninhibited by red lights and traffic snarls. Here's how it works. Traffic signals at different intersections are connected and programmed by a 7-day tape (based on the current week's traffic flow) to form a single traffic control system for the downtown area. At each intersection, traffic light controllers receive, and are activated by audio-tone signals sent out over ordinary telephone lines.

So everything's taped and everything's cool. Until there's a fire somewhere. There's nothing like a good old-fashioned fire to blow our 7-day traffic flow forecast.

So we designed a panic button. Push it, and one of several previously selected fire routes are cleared for action, giving fire vehicles progressive green lights all the way to the fire.

Canadian General Electric. Sort of an urbane Smokey the Bear. At CGE, we do things we bet you never knew we do.



CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC

5100

[PUS] 7451 508 1101



Buying something nice for the home is fun
when people like you... people who want
better things to happen now...
ASK GAC International for shopping cash.

ASK GAC

LOANS UP TO
\$5000

Offices throughout Canada.
Check the Yellow Pages
under "Loans" for one
near where you live or work.

LTD.

Pam. 325.454

QUIG, James.

Journey into under-
standing.



out him, Mom...

keep in touch with the folks back home by Long
Distance. They worry about you. They love to hear
'what's new' and know 'all's well'. Call often.



Your Telephone Company, part of
Trans-Canada Telephone System



Lily (L) and Sarah waved goodbye for a long time.

Journey Into Understanding *Continued*

worked moosehide altar cloths. When the church was built more than 100 years ago the settlement received word from the outside world no more than once a year. Once a spring flood floated the little church right off its foundation. The people managed to tow it back before the water went down and to make sure it didn't happen again, they bored holes in the floor. Now, in case of flooding, the holes are unplugged and the water is let in to prevent it from floating away.

It was raining now and the Hudson's Bay Company store was closed for lunch hour so the manager who spotted us waiting outside invited us to go into the post staff house, built by shipwrights more than 150 years ago. The old building reeked of history and resting there for an hour in the midst of the past was a very special history lesson for us all.

When the rain let up we went out and inspected the old fur press in front of the company's supermarket-style store. For a long while our kids clambered alone over the old press while a dozen or more Cree kids watched. And then something magical happened because suddenly the old press was covered with laughing Quigs and Crees while some of the older boys explained that the "waves" we could see out in the Moose River were really white whales.

Two little girls — Lily Moore and Sarah Shanush — decided that we needed some help to see all the sights and guided us all around the settlement. They showed us — between giggles — Centennial Park which includes one of Ontario's oldest buildings, the blacksmith shop built in 1740, and on the banks of the Moose we walked through a tiny Cree cemetery and every trip to the graveyard should be such a wonderful experience. Lily and Sarah showed us their homes, picked a bouquet of wild flowers for us and walked with us all the way down to the canoe dock. They showed our kids how, if they were very careful, they could catch minnows in their hands off the end of the wharf and when it was time to go they made us feel they wanted us to come back. We waved goodbye for a long, long time and the world was free of bad Indians when we turned the bend in the river. **q**

Wagoners our complete
protection during the difficult time
of the month.

Want a free information booklet in a plain wrapper?
Send coupon to: Norwick Pharmaceutical Company,
Ltd., Dept. W-11 Paris, Ont. Can.

Name: _____

Street: _____

City: _____

Zone: _____ Prov. _____